# THALIA TRIUMPHANS.

TO THE

HONOURED

## Richard Morgan Esq;

ON HIS

## HAPPY MARRIAGE.

A

## Congratulatory POEM.

*Non fragrat nisi flagrat Amor.*

By *E. Settle.*

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BIBLIOTHECA

# *Thalia Triumphans.*

WHen the Great FOUNDER this vaſt Pile began,
And ended with his ſixth Day's Labour, MAN,
His Greateſt Work the Laſt; ſtampt in his own
Bright IMAGE, call'd to th' Univerſal Throne:
Yes Earth, Heav'n, Stars, and Sun, the whole wide Round
All built for Him, all to his Service bound,
Theſe humbler Glories in the Front appear,
Whilſt MAN, true SOVERAIGN-like, brought up the Reer.
This Fav'rite Head what tho' ſo high enſtall'd?
Th' All-giving GOD ev'n for new Bleſſings call'd:
To make this Lordly Creature Greater ſtill,
Ev'n th' higheſt Graſp of his Ambition fill,
His LIFE's Beſt HALF, ſole Partner of his Joys,
SOUL of his SOUL, he form'd the BEAUTEOUS EYES.
With this fair Mate of Empire, given to joyn
His Soveraignty, and moulded all Divine,
Ta'n from his Side, t' his Side return'd again,
Not truly Crown'd till now th' Almighty bid him reign.

This

This *Lovely Form*, this *Maſter-Work* of Heav'n,
Wiſely to *Man*'s embracing Arms was given;
All that could make a Univerſe ſo fair,
Ev'n worth a Thought, or Life it ſelf a Care.

When th' *Happy BRIDEGROOM* thus takes to his Arms
*Honour*, *Wit*, *Beauty*, *Youth*, Lord of ſuch Charms;
Why do we wiſh him Joy! Methinks to pay
That empty Vow throws a vain Breath away:
'Tis wiſhing Treaſure to an *Indian Mine*;
Or Glory to the *Sun's Meridian* Shine.
Compar'd to LOVE's Rich Chace, why all that Toil
For Mines of Gold, both th' *Eaſt* and *Weſtern* Spoil?
Let ev'n *COLUMBUS*, his proud Sails unfurl'd,
Plume in the Glory of a new-found World;
All empty Pride, Great LOVE, compar'd to thine:
'Tis thy diſcover'd Treaſures truly ſhine.
Thou, *Happier Voyager*, without a Boaſt,
Doſt only lead to the true *Golden Coaſt*.

Nay, not the very Hands that hold the Reins
Of the driv'n World, not Scepter'd SOVERAIGNS,

In all the Pride of *Life*, and Pomp of *Pow'r*,
Can up to Half LOVE's heightend Raptures tour.
Ev'n the proud *MACEDON*'s Young *AMMON* dreſt
With the Rich Spoils of his whole Conquer'd *Eaſt*,
What tho' he drove o're his own Vaſſal Globe,
Deckt in Pow'rs Haughtieſt Majeſtick Robe,
Of all that Glory's vainer Plumes poſſeſt,
Still far beneath the BRIDEGROOM's brighter Creſt;
So much LOVE's *Coronation Chaplet* breathes
More fragrant Odours then *Imperial Wreathes:*
So much his *Lighter Joys*, and *Spritelier Gems*,
Out-ſhine the duller Load of *Diadems:*
LOVE from his Richer Throne looks ev'n with Pity down
On all the poorer *Brows* that ſweat beneath a *Crown.*

Whilſt LOVE then does to all this Feaſt invite,
To *Bliſs* ſo Raviſhing, *Joys* ſo Exquiſite;
What can the *Duteous Muſes* leſs then joyn
Their liveliеſt Airs t' aſſiſt theſe *Rites Divine:*
A Theme enough, in it's whole bright Array,
To bleſs the Morn and Conſecrate the Day.

What Songs can *Hymen* want? *His Rites* to cheer,
Whole *Conſtellations* of the Great and Fair,
With their beſt *Vows*, the *Bleſſing* and the *Prayer*,
All meet to ſee the *Sacred Gordian* ty'd,
And with bent Knees Salute the *Beauteous BRIDE*;
Whilſt one joyn'd Smile does in all *Eyes* appear:
*Envy* it ſelf is an Adorer here.
Thus whilſt to *this Day's Joys* the Muſe dares ſoar,
Let Her not Boaſt her *duteous* Tribute more
Than what whole *Hundred Knees* have paid before.
Led by thoſe *Hundreds* Her beſt *Airs* are all
But *Copies* of that loud Original:
Whilſt t' hail the *Bridal PAIR*, all all around
Their fainter *Airs* in ſhriller *Ecthoes* drown'd,
What *Clangors* wak'd the Morn, and *Tubes of Triumph* ſound!
No *Songs* too high, nor *Joys* too great, to pay
The *Rites* to LOVE's *Inauguration Day.*
When warbling *Throats* ſalute the Love-crownd Pair,
Th' *Harmonious Train* pay nat'ral Homage there.
LOVE is it ſelf but MUSICK more refin'd,
Two well-tun'd *Hearts* in one ſoft Conſort joyn'd.

Thou

Thou then the envy'd Lord of all thoſe Charms,
The Beauteous *DAVENPORT* in thy bleſt Arms,
Claim thy Fair Prize, thy Nuptial Bed t' adorn,
A BRIDE, to Beauty's double Portion born;
By Heav'n, and her Great PARENTS deckt ſo Fair,
Their Own, and bounteous Nature's Rival Care;
Nature t' enrich the Casket, They the Gem;
Her EYES and MIND ſo match'd, each Radiant Beam,
And early GRACE to her Young Breaſt inſtill'd,
Worthy the lovely Angel-mould they fill'd.

What tho' an humbler Train of Nymphs and Swains
With all the *Muſick* of the Groves and Plains,
Within their Verge th' Auſpicious Gordian ty'd,
Firſt hail'd this Happy PAIR: With no leſs Pride
This touring CITY waits the ſmiling BRIDE.
And when Approaching *Winter*'s chilling Blaſt
Shall ſtrip her Rural Sweets, her Bow'rs lay waſte,
Whilſt drooping *FLORA* mourns ſhe wants the Spring,
To pay her Tributary Offering;
To deck the BRIDE no more her Odours breathe,
Nor Roſes ev'n uncropt her Garlands wreathe.

Hither ſhall LOVE's Triumphant Chariot drive;
Theſe warmer Walls thoſe Darling Gueſts receive.
Here more Exalted *Heads of Honour* ſtill
With renew'd Joys their Nuptial Choir ſhall fill;
Whilſt proud *AUGUSTA*, the Fair Eyes to meet,
Shall bend her Tow'ry Forehead at her Feet.
Thus, Happy SIR, melt a long Life away,
A Life but one continu'd Nuptial Day;
Th' inviolable Knot ſo ſtrongly tye,
The *Hymenæal Honour* rais'd ſo high,
Till ev'n the Great and Fair, ſo pleas'd, ſo charm'd,
And to bright VIRTUE ev'n by *Envy* warm'd.
To Pattern from a Precedent Divine,
Shall Love like *MORGAN*, and like *MORGAN* Shine.
Nay, to be Happier ſtill, live, Sir, to ſee
Ev'n Your own founded Immortality;
Not only of Love's richeſt BLISS poſſeſt,
But with the FRUIT of Love as richly bleſt;
Yes, live to ſee Your Fruitful Table ſpread
With thoſe ſweet Pledges of the Genial Bed,
Copies that ſhall th' Original renew,
And make the Stock Immortal whence they grew.

*FINIS.*